

Ten Pins by [mourntheantagonist](#)

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Summary:

Billy has never been bowling. This is very problematic.

Ten Pins

“You’ve never been bowling?”

Steve is looking at Billy like he just said the worst thing in the whole world.

“No?”

Billy was standing in Steve’s room inspecting the bowling pin that sat on his desk, the one that Steve had stolen one night when he and Tommy had broken into the alley after homecoming. Steve remembers crawling down the slick lane and reaching for the center pin because he didn’t intend to end up like Tommy who had taken just two steps passed the line before he wound up flat on his back with his head hitting hard enough against the wood floor that he would have a headache for the next couple of days.

Teenagers in Hawkins had their pick of only four places in town to hang out unless they were willing to take the hour long drive into the city for some real entertainment. Those four options included the junkyard, the quarry, The Hawk, and of course, the bowling alley. More often than not it would be far too cold for the quarry or junkyard, and The Hawk was only ever good for taking girls to sit in the secluded back row while they didn’t bother to even pay attention to the movie on screen. So Steve, Tommy, and Carol all found themselves at the lanes fairly often.

It was one of the few little things he had where he felt like he was genuinely having a good time with friends. When people came over to his house he could never escape the thought that they were only there for the free booze and his pool and his parents who didn’t give a fuck and not for Steve himself. Drinking out of a flask Carol snuck from her mom while they sent multiple balls down the lane at a time giving the staff a never ending headache when they fucked up the ball return was an entirely different atmosphere.

So Steve had a nice relationship with bowling. It was such a stupid little activity he did drunk or high with friends, but those were some of the best times of his life.

And to find out that Billy had never been bowling before? He was beyond offended.

“How have you never been bowling before?”

Billy just shrugged his shoulders like Steve was being entirely ridiculous with his shock. “I don’t know, maybe cause San Diego has more than five things to do? Why would I waste my time throwing a ball into a gutter?”

“I’m going to pretend you didn’t say that.” Steve says, taking the pin from Billy’s hand because he simply lacks the proper respect to wield it. “We’re going bowling, *right now*.”

Before Billy could even begin to protest, Steve was dragging Billy down the stairs and out through the front door, and Billy was just too curious and too preoccupied enjoying Steve’s assertiveness over something as trivial as a heavy ball and ten pins.

Since the alley was only four blocks away from Steve’s house, they were in and out of the car in no time at all. It was late at night on a Wednesday so the alley was mostly empty save for the actual bowlers who weren’t just there to wreak havoc.

Just as you walk through the glass double doors, directly to the left was the most pathetic arcade you could ever see. It was really bold to even call it that with the flickering neon sign that hung above the entryway. All they had was a mostly empty claw machine, pinball, and the only actual arcade game worth playing, Pac-Man, had a piece of white printer paper taped to the screen with ‘out of order’ written in black sharpie. Billy was already having trouble reasoning why Steve would choose this run-down place with the loudest carpet flooring he’d ever seen as his main hangout space.

While Steve paid for their shoe rentals and their game, Billy wandered around aimlessly, staring at the rainbow of neon that decorated the place that seemingly had no rhyme or reason for its pattern. Most of the other bowlers were all together at the far right of the building, so of course Steve reserved the far *left* for the two of them. Steve hands Billy his pair of size elevens and together they walk over to their own personal lane, secluded from everyone else in

a way that almost felt entirely private.

Steve has had a fucking attitude since the moment Billy mentioned how he'd never been bowling before. Even with the close proximity of the alley to his house, Steve insisted on driving ten over the speed limit, something he constantly was on Billy's ass about whenever Billy drove the two of them in the Camaro. He just stared forward mumbling "I know the chief of police" whenever Billy opened his mouth to say anything about it. But, with all of the anger in that little body of his, there was also enough excitement clear in the way he walked from point a to point b that calmed Billy's lingering thought that Steve might just take the two bowling balls he had in his hands and smash his head in if he even dared to say a word about all of his huffing.

So Billy kept his distance and let Steve set it all up for the two of them, setting the balls into the return and entering their names into the system. It was then, while Steve was sitting in front of the little monitor punching away at the keypad that Billy finally saw Steve's look of anger change to a smile... but not a happy smile. A fucking *evil* smile. Steve looked up at Billy with the most heinous eyes before darting his eyes over to the screen above the lane before he broke out into a fit of laughter. Billy looks up to the screen and sure enough, printed in bold digital lettering reads two names.

1. *Steve*

2. *SugarTits*

"Real mature." Billy said, barely having his voice heard over Steve's own laughter, "You finally out of your pissy mood?"

"Just put on the shoes *sugar tits* ."

The two of them slipped on those absolutely ridiculous looking bowling shoes and what was originally all fun and games to Billy had quickly turned on its head.

Steve was up first. And yeah, Steve did spend a lot of his time at the alley just goofing off, but occasionally he would actually try to knock down some pins.

And he was fucking good at it.

Billy watched as the ball traveled fast down the lane with the perfect spin, knocking over all ten pins right on impact. The 'X' appeared on the screen and Steve turned around with the most smug look on his face that Billy had ever seen.

"And *that's* called a strike."

Billy just scoffed. Sure, Billy hasn't ever held a bowling ball in his life, but he schooled people at skeeball and isn't bowling just like skeeball but... bigger? Additionally, Billy is anything if not competitive.

Steve is stifling his giggles while Billy stands there trying to just figure out how to hold the ball, eventually figuring it out and setting himself straight in front of the lane, mailing one swing of the arm only for the ball to refuse to come unreleased from his fingers. He's lucky he didn't break any. Steve can't help but laugh as he watches the display from the comfort of his seat and his strike on the scoreboard.

"You need help over there baby?" Steve asks.

"Fuck off I'm *fine* "

Steve puts his hands up and backs off and continues to enjoy the free entertainment that Billy is giving him.

On his second attempt, Billy actually manages to throw the ball... *directly into the gutter.*

"I can ask them to put the bumpers up for you babe."

Billy just turns around and gives Steve a pinching gesture signifying he is "this close" to breaking his fucking neck.

Instead of letting Billy embarrass himself once more, and after the novelty had kind of worn off, Steve gets up to where Billy is standing waiting for the machine to cough the blue eleven pounder back up.

"Let me show you how to do it." Steve says, picking up the ball as

soon as it comes in and wrapping his arms around Billy's waist. He shows Billy how to position his fingers and lines him up about eight feet back. "Okay, so you're going to want to aim just to the side of the center pin, and you're gonna want to throw it so it goes fast."

It's good, solid advice, but it went directly in one ear and out the other with the way Steve is touching him. Arms tenderly wrapped around his waist, hands gently wrapped around his wrists to guide his hands all while in a public place, and not a single person bats an eye. It's just a guy teaching another guy how to bowl properly. There's nobody close enough to see how Steve plants a kiss to his neck or grabs at his ass and it's just so *thrilling*.

Steve guides him through the throw, and it's definitely far from perfect especially considering Steve isn't left handed like Billy is, but it actually knocks down some pins instead of finding a home in the gutter. The echo of the pins toppling over is fucking music to his ears and Steve's arms are still wrapped around him, practically hugging him at this point and Billy just leans into it. Loving the feeling of being public about their relationship without being *public* about it.

They stand there for as long as they can without it seeming suspicious and Steve goes to take his second turn. Billy watched again from the same seat Steve was sitting in and watched Steve bowl a double.

Except he doesn't actually watch the strike happen, too focused on staring at Steve's ass through his jeans as he bends over. The way they tighten makes his own jeans tighten for an entirely different reason.

"Your turn." Steve says.

But Billy has another idea, walking up to Steve and taking him by the wrist, moving his hand so it's palming his dick.

"I think I've had enough bowling for the day."

And usually Steve would *never* walk out on a streak like that, but this trip was all about the fun that could be had at the Hawkins bowling alley.

And fucking in the parking lot was *certainly fun*.

Author's Note:

comments and kudos are appreciated!!

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